

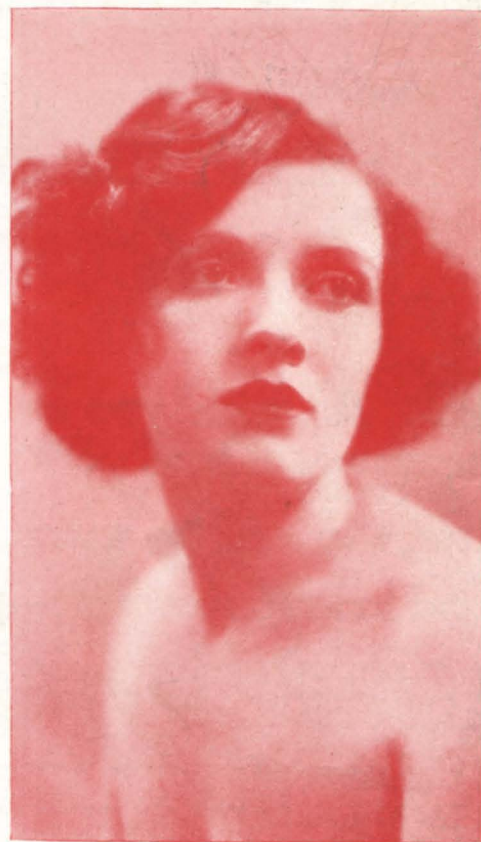
# THE TATLER

JULY, 1921

FUN FACTS



TALES &  
TOPICS  
OF  
STAGE &  
SCREEN



KITTY KELLY  
in "The Belle of New York"

*Maurice Goldberg*

MOVIE MIRTH MERRIMENT MISINFORMATION

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STAGE SCREEN SONG STORIES SATIRE SPICE





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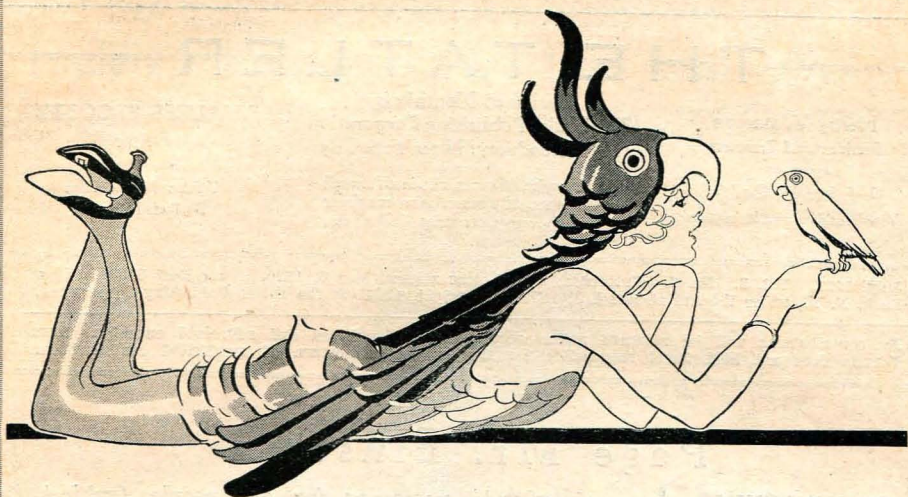
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VOL. III

JULY, 1921

NO. 6

## Glints from the Great White Waste

**T**HERE is nothing more pathetic in life than the spectacle of a sturdy Boy Scout begging his mother not to smoke.

A modern young woman has been found at last. Want-ad in local paper: "WANTED, three or four rooms by young woman with improvements."

Sign on uptown movie theater. "What Men Do" with Patricia Palmer.

Forty per cent of the actresses would make great cooks. Fifty per cent of the cooks would make great actresses. Such is life.

The Tired Business Man is made that way by a lot of punk jokes that are printed about the good times he has while the wife is away. And in nine cases out of ten she believes them.

There was a young maid from Detroit,  
With methods direct and adroit.  
She married an old  
Guy with plenty of gold  
And bled the old bird till it hoit.

In order not to walk lop-sided, most actors divide their salaries in the two side pockets when they lug them home.

The movie actors are flocking to Europe for their vacations, and with good luck some of them will get as far as Maine.

A Broadway dancer has had her feet insured. We thought dancers didn't use them any more.

"Don't you want to go to heaven?" asked an evangelist in a Sunday afternoon theater meeting. "No," replied the audience in chorus. "No, not yet."



# THE TATLER

Henry Waterson  
President and Treasurer

Walter E. Colby  
Vice-President and Secretary

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Business Manager

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## Page Mr. Einstein

**M**R. EINSTEIN came over here and told us how to tie a can to time and space, but anybody who is busy these days blocking out his vacation schedule has a bigger problem than that to solve.

The average time-table is so full of columns, notes, exceptions, footnotes, and see page so-and-so's, that it could knock out time, space and Dr. Einstein all at once.

We are polishing off an old brass automobile hub-cap, and intend to offer it as a medal to the first American-born citizen who can translate a summer time-table from beginning to end, and hold on to his sanity afterward.

Think what might have been the results if Thomas Jefferson had written the Declaration of Independence in time-table style:

"When (daily, except Sundays) in the course of human events (discontinued after September 5) it becomes

necessary for one people (subject to change) to dissolve the political bands (Sundays only) which have connected them with another (on regular schedule), and to assume among the powers of the earth (parlor car service) the separate and equal station (via New York Central) to which the laws of Nature (stops on signal) and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind (stops to leave) requires that they should declare (eastern standard time) the causes which impel them to the separation (reduced rates during July).

"We hold these truths to be self-evident (except Fridays): that all men (read down) are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator (read up) with inherent and inalienable rights; that among these are life (continuous between points), liberty (direct route), and the pursuit of happiness (also subject to change)."

## AS THE TWIG IS BENT

**A**LL the child experts and home advisers urge fathers and mothers to watch their children for signs of what they're going to be when they grow up.

It's good advice. Therefore, watch your child. And if you haven't one of your own, watch your neighbor's. The chances are that it needs watching, anyway.

If your child tries to swallow everything, you will know that he will make a good Congressman.

If he smashes everything in sight, he

is undoubtedly intended for a taxi driver.

If he refuses to take a drink, he ought to make a good Anti-Saloon League officer.

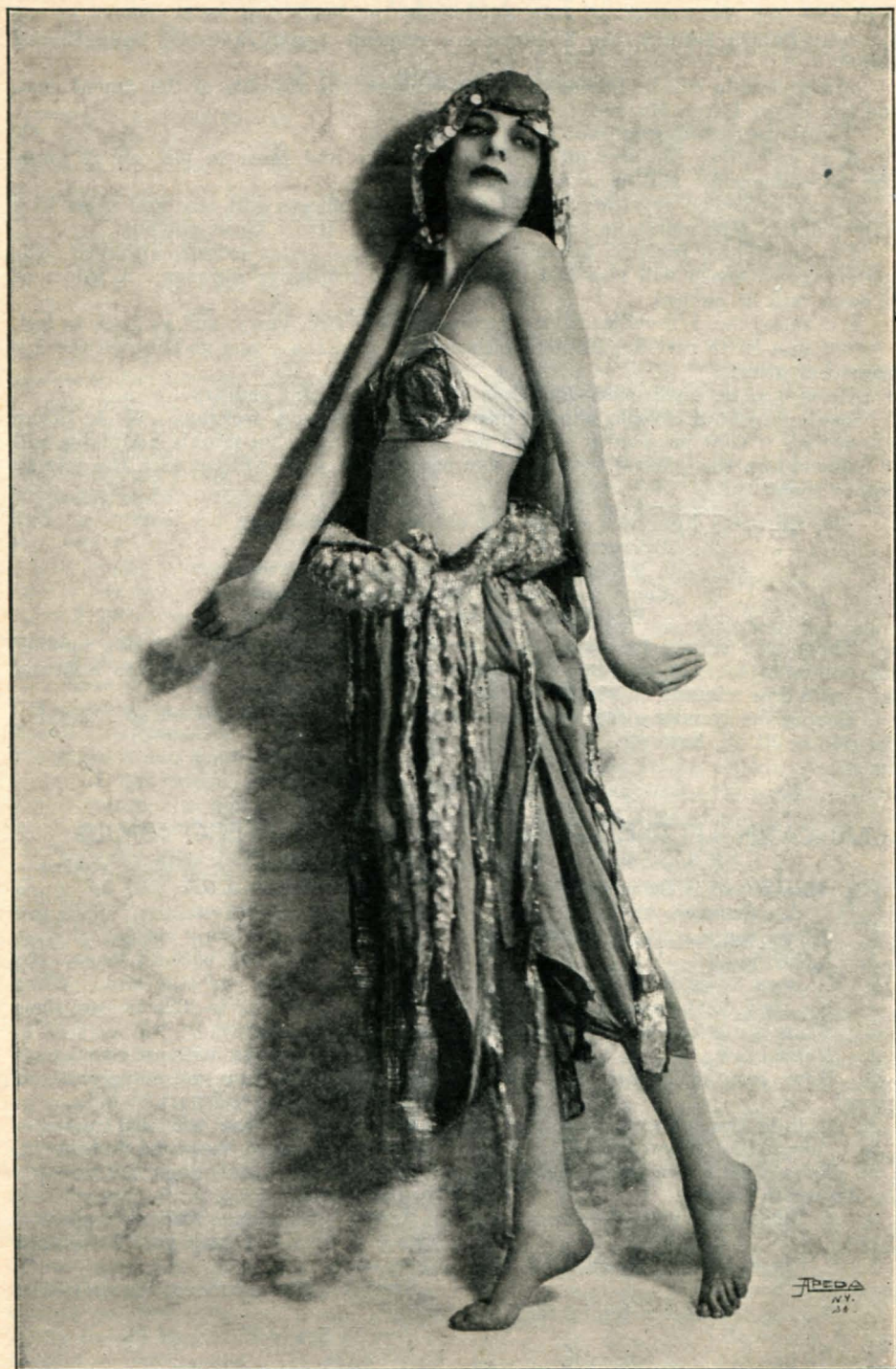
If he wants to drink all the time, better have him brought up outside the United States.

If he begins to write poetry at the age of five, we don't know what he'll be when he grows up. One thing is certain, he won't have to pay an income tax.

If he does not seem to want to do anything, he ought to make a good loafer.



# Helen Herendeen In "The Last Waltz"





# Our Country, Wet or Dry

**P**LANs for the Fourth of July celebration this year will be in charge of the Anti-Saloon League, the Volstead enforcement agents, and the Drug Clerks' Union.

Minor details will be left to the Crepehangers, the Knights of the Amendment, and the Royal Parch Masons.

The tentative program will be as follows:

3 a. m.—First reveille; all milkmen will rise and form in platoon of pints. The marching order will be: "Squarts Right!"

4 a. m.—Second reveille; federal enforcement officers will rise and form in a hollow circle. The marching order will be: "Hip! Hip! Hip-right-hip!"

5 a. m.—Third reveille; owners of private stocks, cellar secrets, unraided stills and smuggled hooch will rise and report at their respective stations. A salute of 21 corks will be popped.

6 a. m.—Fourth reveille; all ex-bartenders will rise, yawn, and go back to bed.

7 a. m.—Fifth reveille; all male citizens will rise, shave and go through the dry manual of arms.

From 9 a. m. until noon—Business as usual in a dry country.

Beginning at 2 o'clock, a mass-meeting and speaking program. W. J. Bryan will recite: "Give me liberty or give me grape-juice." Five-minute addresses will be delivered on the general topic: "You cannot wet your whistle with the whisky that is past."

The Harmony Four will render the old ballad beginning:

Between the dark and the daylight,  
When the night is beginning to lower,  
Came a pause in the day's occupations  
Which was known as the cocktail hour.

Those who cannot restrain their emotion during the singing of this number are requested to wait outside. The memorial service will be brought to a fitting close with five minutes of meditation and silent swallowing.

During the evening a few roman candles and pinwheels will be set off. Nothing else will be lit up, however.

## OUR OWN LITTLE SCHOOL HOUSE

- Q.** How broad is Broadway?  
A. Quite so, at times.
- Q.** Where can one buy a drink?  
A. In England.
- Q.** Do men know more than women?  
A. No, they don't hear as much.
- Q.** What is a cure for home-brewing?  
A. Home-brew.
- Q.** How can one beat a taxicab meter?  
A. Ride in the subway.
- Q.** How old is Lillian Russell?  
A. Babe Ruth is the champ batter of the American League.
- Q.** 1. Who discovered America? 2. Why?  
A. 1. Christopher Colombo. 2. We have often wondered.
- Q.** Who is the best actor in the history of America?  
A. He has not been born yet.

## SUMMER ECONOMIES

- H**OW to get along without clothes—  
Lock all the doors, pull down the blinds, and admit no visitors. Thus you may be able to get along without clothes.
- How to get along without booze—We are now down to our last pint. When that's gone, we may be able to shed some light on this problem.
- How to get along without relations—They won't let you get along without them. That's the sad part of it.
- How to get along without tipping—Never eat twice in the same restaurant, and always duck out when the waiter's back is turned.
- How to get along without screens—Live in a tent, and keep your hand on a fly-swatter.
- How to live without enemies—Die young.
- How to live within your income—Nobody knows.



# "I Hear—"

## Intimate Bits About People You Know, Have Seen or Have Heard About

**ROUGE ET NOIR**, so the old street dubs them, as it watches the progress of what it believes to be young love. Will Titian haired Francine Larrimore decide to wed the black thatched newspaperman with the strangely pallid face and the hawklike profile?

By **THE TATLER**

The bets of blase Broadway are even. Dainty Miss Larrimore, risen but lately to stardom in "Nice People," is a little spoiled by her success. She is more than a little difficult. But also she is more than a little charming. A smitten suitor can overlook many faults. There is no doubt that the young man is in the state of Barkis, willin'. His heart litany beats daily to "With all your faults I love you still."

The pretty, sometimes petulant, little star is the key to his hopes. Broadway stars draw some pretty big moths, with wings of gold, wings, indeed, that are even diamond-tipped. S. Jay Kaufman is a newspaperman attached to one of the evening papers not noted for its liberal compensation. True, he has ambitions to be a publisher, but financially he is not what reckless Broadway would consider a prize. On the other hand, by the aid of his typewriter he can be useful to an ambitious young star. Contrawise she stands in no need of advertising.

Will she marry him? Won't she? The street wonders and, as I have said, lays even bets.

**JOSEPHINE VICTOR** has gone into vaudeville. Pity 'tis that Josephine has a genius for making herself disagreeable. Were the truth told it would be known that she quarrels and pesters herself out of every engagement. Her demands, her exactions, and her gnat-like quality of buzzing about nothing cost her her last engagement in Galsworthy's "The Skin Game." It is an oft told tale. And the oddest thing about it is that Miss Victor who is clever though not prepossessing always thinks she is right. She is always fighting for a cause or battling for a principle. And managers grow weary of battle.

"**YES**, I've three wives playing on Broadway," said Hale

Hamilton before he sailed for London with Grace La Rue, the third Mrs. Hamilton. "I respect two of them." And he turned eyes of ardent love upon his co-star.

**T**HERE are many ways of winning a man. If quite desperate you might try killing yourself for him. That means seems to have won a popular Broadway manager. The girl who would have died for him sailed for Paris in May. The many tongued dame who finds so much to wag her tongues about on Broadway, says that he intends to follow her, and become the party of the first part, or is it the second, in a wedding in the city of the French. It was because he sailed without taking her with him last summer that she tried to end her life. I'm told the attempt was made in his own rooms. And that for two weeks he acted as nurse to prevent the employment of a professional one and to spare himself and the tragic young woman a scandal. Great is the egotism of the male. To be loved so much that a girl would rather give up her life than him feeds the flame of that egotism.

We shall see what we shall see.

**W**ONDER what is brewing between a physically big and clumsy but mentally agile dramatic critic and his wife? Whenever they are in public she looks as though she were thinking of mean things to say to him. That expression has become fixed since he wrote nice things about a dancer with whom he was deeply in love before his marriage and for love of whom he once threatened suicide.

**IRENE CASTLE TREMAN**, wearing an at last "I'm-happy" look, has sailed for Europe. She has gone to Paris to buy clothes. Her husband accompanied her. Did you see the magazine article in which Mrs. Tremen told someone that before her second marriage

(Continued on next page)



(Continued from page 5)

she exacted a promise that she might have her way in everything? That is one way of making marriage a success.

THE Rialto grins at the spectacle of Nicky Arnstein as Cupid. Yet according to a narrative told with great particularity as to detail he has acted in that capacity. One of the legal aids that he summoned to his assistance when he got into that rather nasty bond trouble was walking with him through the streets of Philadelphia. The agile Nicky noticed the name of a popular dancer on a bill board. "Haven't seen her for an age. I'd like to drop in for a chat. Come with me for a minute."

The bond specialist presented the lawyer to the dancer. Something happened to the lawyer's heart at that meeting. Likewise to his conscience and domestic standard. That was but a few months ago, but the dancer now owns a house in town and is endowed with a liberal income not derived from her dancing.

Why doesn't she marry him?  
His wife won't let her.

*You can't lead a chorus girl to water,  
but you CAN make her drink.*

NO, it is not true that Elsie Fergusen and her banker husband, Thomas Clarke, Jr., have separated. The beautiful Elsie is temperamental, and with nerves worn to the quick by the demands of "pictures" occasionally surrenders her amiability. But she is a canny young person and knows a good husband when she has one. Thomas Clarke is a good husband, patient, practical, with what every star's husband needs, a sense of humor.

He is vice-president of the Harriman National Bank and works at it.

AN English actress joining the march from the Metropolitan Opera House to Childs by the players of the Actors Equity Show gazed admiringly at Bruce McRae as the nephew of Sir Charles Wyndham circulated democratically among the stars at that refectory.

"Seems so thoroughly nice. Don't tell me," she said in the tone of one awestruck with the world, "that he is a chaser."

"Be comforted, my dear," said a character actress. "He is not."

"Thank heaven," sighed the worldling from across seas, "one is not."

THERE'S a reason for everything. Elbert Hubbard said that women wear widow's weeds to hide their smiles of joy at being rid of their spouses. We were a little shocked by the incorrigible Hubbard. Yet that is the explanation of the cheerfulness of a recently made widow on the Rialto. The discovery that the husband whom she had idolized for twenty years was untrue, a discovery made shortly before his death, has reconciled her to her loss.

*There is safety in numbers—so long  
as you can keep each thinking she is  
Number One.*

THE dramatic soprano, dramatic in another sense besides that of her voice, Lucille Rogers, told a story of persecution to Magistrate Douras, known chiefly to fame as being Marion Davies father. Beneath the story of this flurry in a burlesque house, The National Winter Garden, flows the current of a youth's infatuation for an older woman. When he found that he was not the king of her heart he began a series of petty persecutions, including his putting his fingers on his nose during her songs, and which led to his arrest and fine imposed by Magistrate Douras. The disappointed swain was a drummer in the orchestra that played for his inamorata.

MAGAZINEDOM is shocked by the news that Ray Long, editor of the Cosmopolitan, and his wife have separated and that Mrs. Long will soon bring suit for divorce. In Chicago Mr. Long was a good little husband, but the rays of the Great White Way have a curiously curdling affect upon a man's previous affections.

*Our idea of domestic insecurity is  
marrying a girl who walks in her sleep.*

"WE'RE not in the least worried about the motion picture situation," said a famous screen star to this writer. "Let them bring German pic-

(Continued on page 8)



# We Have With Us This Summer—



*Kitty Kelly in  
"The Belle of  
New York"*

Maurice Goldberg



*Gladys Mont-  
gomery in  
"The Belle of  
New York"*

Maurice Goldberg



*Beatrice Swanson  
in "The Last  
Waltz"*

White Studio



(Continued from page 6)

tures and homely German actresses to this country if they will. The American star will always be preferred to the foreign one by our screen audiences. The result of the present upheaval will not be disturbing to American players who know their art. It will have the effect of eliminating the producer's or the exhibitor's lady friend, who has no legitimate right upon the screen. If all those who enter by favor alone are rejected from the motion picture studios none will be more pleased than the players themselves who are temporarily out of work. And the studios will be half emptied."

*It is better to have loved and lost than to have loved and won, then lost and paid alimony.*

"**S**HADES OF WAR," Arnold Daly is to be king of the Greenwich Theatre. Mr. Daly, talented as he is, is the successor of Richard Mansfield as a tempest raiser on the stage. He is of the opinion that many actors ought to be whipped for their bad acting. With him will be his daughter Blythe Daly, who shares her father's talent. Probably there will be no paternal spankings for unintelligent renditions. But there will be strained moments when Mrs. Frank Craven, who was twice Mrs. Arnold Daly, calls at the Greenwich Village playhouse to see her daughter act, and goes back stage to chide or cheer her.

**B**ROADWAY, street of romance, furnishes pathos as well as comedy. An actor manager, eminent in his profession, has been a philanderer for two-thirds of his now elongating life. He and his wife have been separated for thirty years. Their children are now the parents of other children. The sundered pair never meet. The wife spends most of her time in religious devotions at the cathedral. Every evening she lifts the curtain of her room, and places a burning candle in it. Every night she places a fresh pillow upon the couch beside her own.

"I am always ready for him," she says with a pathetic flexing of her wrinkled face. "For I have prayed that he will come back. And I know that sometime he will."

The return is possible but remote. For now as ever a pink and youthful face holds his fancy. His life has been a rapid, dizzying succession of different pink and youthful faces.

*It is easier for a camel to get through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to get by the eye of a vamp.*

**I**F you suddenly feel as if you'd like a little orchestra in your home, and you want it badly enough, and have the price, you can get almost anything you desire along that line. The other evening Vincent Astor decided he would go to a little extra effort for a little evening dance in his home, and he bethought himself that Max Fisher's musicians, who provide the dance music at the Ziegfeld roof, would just about suit his purpose. He called up to find if Fisher could be released for the evening, and was told it would be impossible. Not content with that, however, he carried his inquiry to Ziegfeld himself, and was told he could have the players—for \$5,000. Ziegfeld's manager thought the figure would discourage even a millionaire, but it didn't.

"Oh, that's perfectly all right," said young Astor. "Send them along."

*A girl can attract attention in a restaurant by loud laughter—but that's all she can attract.*

**T**HE privilege of going back-stage is a boon which a certain type of New Yorker will pay almost any price for. Particularly if he is interested in one of the stars, he feels that his life won't be complete unless he can drop in at her dressing-room whenever his fancy dictates. According to Broadway's pipelines of gossip, the producer of a new musical piece recently received a certified check for \$10,000 from a prominent banker just prior to the opening.

Inclosed with the check was a note signed by initials, saying: "I hope this will recompense you for any annoyance that might result from my going back-stage from time to time."

The producer happens to be one who is opposed to this form of special privilege. He returned the check without comment.

(Continued on page 10)



# "Two Little Girls In Blue" Lads

Wanda Hoff, pantomimic  
dancer and Leonore  
Lukens in "Two  
Little Girls  
In Blue"



Ira D. Schwarz





(Continued from page 8)

GOING to a Broadway producer with a little letter of introduction is rather a precarious way of getting a foothold on Broadway. Letters of introduction are so thick in the vicinity of Times Square that you could stage a good snowstorm effect simply by having them all thrown out of the windows of the managers' offices at the same moment. So, in order for an actress to get consideration from busy producers, it takes something more than a letter of introduction. It takes, well—

Phyllis Povah, who is winning recognition on Broadway by her work in "Mr. Pim Passes By," had a letter of introduction to David Belasco. She presented it, he received her, and the conventional interview took place. But Miss Povah realized she wasn't making much headway. Her heart fell as she found herself being edged politely toward the door, her golden opportunity slipping.

Just as she was about to be bowed out, Miss Povah suddenly jerked her hat from her head.

"Mr. Belasco," she exclaimed in her most appealing and arresting accents, "Mr. Belasco, I've been told that I have very nice hair. Do you think so?"

With that, she loosened two pins and shook her long hair down over her shoulders.

Mr. Belasco, so the story goes, murmured something about "hair as luxurious and golden as Mrs. Leslie Carter's"—and the interview was resumed.

And now Belasco is reported to be looking around for the right play in which to star Phyllis Povah.

THE announcement that Lillian Lorraine will be back on Broadway in the fall in a new show indicates that this favorite of the music halls has reversed the original verdict of her physicians. At the time she fell and injured her

spine it was said that she would never return to the stage. Always the "life of the party," she has carried her indomitable will-power throughout the tedious months of convalescence.

"Nothing but your wonderful spirits pulled you through," a doctor said to her the other day.

## OUR FLIRTATION PLATFORM

I—Absolute freedom of the squeeze.

II—Disarmament of all park policemen and beach censors.

III—No annexations of park benches.

IV—Open hugs, openly arrived at.

V—Neutral zones in the vicinity of all shady lanes.

VI—Self-determination for hammocks and porch swings.

VII—No forced annexations of kisses without a plebiscite.

VIII—Complete reparations for jilted feelings.

IX—Fulfillment of all movie obligations.

X—Payment of luxury tax indemnities.

"Yes," the actress is reported to have said, "and nothing but somebody's wonderful spirits got me here in the first place."

ONE of the well-known figures of New York theatrical life—a man of many achievements—is now going about in deep mourning, apparently deeply grieved in the loss of one of his young protégés. She was a young

actress of much promise, and she would have had a Broadway appearance last fall had it not been for a disagreement over her fitness for a certain role between the producer of the show and the man who was promoting her interests. As it was, he helped her secure a stock engagement out of town. One day he received a wire that she was critically ill, and he hurried to her side. Her death occurred a few days later, and now her sponsor may be seen on Broadway with a wide band of crêpe on his sleeve.

*Browne: Everything Brooks says I take with a grain of salt.*

*Towne: You sprinkle a little of it on his tale, eh?*

AN actress with a great many stage successes to her credit went over to the silver screen at about the same time she moved into a new and much larger apartment than she had been occupying. She was showing off her new home to one of her friends, who suddenly observed: "I say, you know, this is really a stunning place. Who's interested?"

"Nobody now," was the response. "I've simply gone into the movies."





The title of this masterpiece is "Reminiscence." It shows Edith Roberts gazing fondly at a bunch of grapes, reflecting upon what they were once used for.

*Nicholas Murray*



FADED,  
STREAKED  
OR  
GRAY HAIR  
BANISHED  
IN 30  
MINUTES



## The Art of Hair Coloring Revolutionized

The glory of permanent youth is now possible through the discovery of Dr. Emile, physician-scientist of the Pasteur Institute, Paris. This scientific formula, INECTO RAPID, employs an entirely new principle ranking in importance with other discoveries of the Pasteur Institute. It gives streaked or faded hair the original or desired color, banishes gray hair in 30 minutes and brings back the original beauty and lustre to hair which has been damaged by ordinary "dyes."

INECTO RAPID in a natural manner accomplishes repigmentation by penetrating the hair shaft instead of merely coating the surface of the hair as in the case of commercial coloring preparations. Does not stain linens, brushes or hat linings. Is easy to use, has pleasant odor and is guaranteed harmless to hair or growth. Is not affected by salt water, sunlight, rain, perspiration, permanent wave, Turkish or Russian Baths. Cannot be detected from Nature's own coloring—not even under a microscope.

INECTO RAPID is used exclusively in the fashionable hairdressing salons of London and throughout all of Europe, where it has revolutionized the art of hair coloring. It is employed by fifteen hundred foremost European hairdressers and is endorsed by the highest medical authorities.

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INECTO RAPID APPLICATIONS ARE MADE IN LEADING HAIRDRESSING PARLORS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

In New York it is used exclusively in the Waldorf-Astoria, Biltmore, Commodore, Pennsylvania, Plaza and other leading salons.

With INECTO RAPID there are no failures and no disappointments. Every woman who is dissatisfied with the color of her hair owes it to herself to investigate INECTO RAPID.

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New York

LABORATORIES at Paris, London, Brussels, Madrid, Milan.

Send no money. Mail this coupon today

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Gentlemen: Please send me particulars and "Beauty Analysis Chart" (Form M.)

Name .....

Address .....

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# Standing the Heat Nicely, Thank You

*Lillian Tashman  
in "The Gold  
Diggers"*

*Edward Tayer Monroe*



*Vera Gibson in  
"June Love"*

*Ira D. Schwarz*



# Sahara on the Subway

"**I** HAVE him on the hip."—Shakespeare. If Shake pulled that kind of stuff today on Broadway—well, you know—

A detective ate six cherries in a restaurant and then pinched the proprietor and all the cherries in the place. The cherries were pickled and the detective stated he was much in the same condition after eating them. We always wondered why Washington chopped down that tree. He was looking a long way ahead.

Some of the salooners have been serving drinks in their telephone booths, which is the only practical use that has been found for telephone booths in some time.

When the police had their big parade recently, the police band enlivened the occasion by playing "The Old Oaken Bucket" all the way up Broadway. A few people on the sidewalk laughed, but not very many.

The boarding-house prune has fallen into disrepute. An actor's caravansary downtown was pinched by the police when they smelled the odor of cooking prunes floating out through the window. If Prohibition succeeds in knocking out the boarding-house prune, it will have done some good.

A Broadwayite asked a bootlegger how much he charged for a quart. "Eight dollars if you take it away with you," replied the bootlegger, "but eighteen dollars if I have to drink it with you."

## Sign Here!

**S**O many week-end parties fail to live up to specifications that it's about time for the invited guests to take legal steps to protect their own interests—to say nothing of their anatomy.

Poor, defenseless guests will never get their rights until they put their demands down in writing beforehand. This thing of starting out for a bungalow and winding up at a shack, or starting out for a cottage by the sea and landing in a woodshed on a deserted inlet, has got to stop.

When people tell you about their summer places, they naturally speak in glowing terms. Make 'em put it in writing!

When our friends begin to talk of booking us this summer for a run on their private cow-path, we're going to flash a legal contract on them and make them sign on the dotted line before we risk wife, health, liberty and the pursuit of mosquitoes to their keeping.

The document will be to this effect:

WHEREAS, the party hereinafter known as the HOST has duly extended an invitation for the sharing of his country privileges with a party hereinafter known as the GUEST; and

WHEREAS, the GUEST has been stung several times before; and

WHEREAS, the GUEST doesn't relish the idea of being stung again;

BE IT UNDERSTOOD, that the said HOST, being the legal owner of what he chooses to consider a desirable place to spend a week-end, and having duly invited the said GUEST to try out the idea, and being mindful of the physical and mental needs of said GUEST, does hereby undertake and agree, by word of mouth and oath and telephone messages mutually extended, to provide the following:

(1) Adequate transportation (other than walking).

(2) Ample protection against flies, mosquitoes and stray cows.

(3) Full-length sheets and an honest-to-gawd bed.

(4) Exemption from all requirements to rave about the place.

(5) Exemption from any compulsion to be nice to other guests.

(6) Freedom of choice at the dinner table.

(7) Reasonable access to the cellar at all hours, and to the lockers therein.

(8) Facilities for getting away quickly when said guest has had enough.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, said HOST and said GUEST have hereunto subscribed their signatures, which shall be binding as in such cases provided.

Host.

GUEST.

*The older an unmarried woman gets, the oftener she says, "We girls."*



# Stars of Song, Stage and Screen

*Miss Colleen Moore,  
who will play op-  
posite John Barry-  
more in his next  
picture play*

*Edward Thayer Monroe*

*Pearl Jermond  
on the Ziegfeld  
Roof*

*Ira D. Schwarz*

*Adelaide C. Rob-  
inson in "Tip  
Top"*

*Photo by Sarony*





# What Every Woman Knows

THAT the old man is going to be very tired when she wants to go to the theater; that he has just had a hard day.

That if he brings home a five-pound box of candy and a bouquet of American beauties for her, she had better find out what he has been doing.

That she can drive a car through the traffic as well as a man can, provided the men drivers don't keep getting in her way.

That when she goes to a matinee she is surely going to be seated right in front of some cat with a squawky voice who has seen the show before.

That the lady who invites her to lunch is going to take her to a tea-room which is patronized entirely by women, which is no good idea of a lunch.

That the society editor is going to get her name spelled wrong in the account of the European Relief Dinner.

That there will be at least two other hats exactly like hers when she gets to the reception.

That every other woman is in love with her husband, whether she is or not.

That she is going to hear more gossip in the hair-dressing parlor than the old man will in the barber shop.

## GRIN'S FAIRY TALES

PARIS models.

Hand-made lace.

Less than wholesale cost.

Ladies' Aid.

Before and after taking.

Pure Havana.

Curtain at 8.15 sharp.

Stylish stouts.

Farewell tours.

"This is my busy day."

"The missus is not at home."

Sitting up with a sick friend.

Solid gold.

Love is blind.

Best man.

The rest cure.

"If not delivered in five days——"

"So good of you to have come."

Happiest man in the world.

## YOU'VE MET THEM ALL

WHAT would your vacation trip be worth if it didn't include a chance to connect up with all your old friends, such as:

The kind old lady who tips the porter an orange.

The girl who reads novels and eats bon-bons by the hour.

The hatchet-faced spinster whose traveling companion is a canary.

The woman not used to travel who thought the porter was trying to steal her shoes.

The gallant guy who nearly bursts a blood-vessel trying to open the car window for a pretty girl.

The loud-voiced individual who has been over the road before and insists on pointing out all the scenery.

Once

Upon a Time

There was a Wise Bird

Who lived in the City of N. Y.

And he never could see Anything West

Of the Hudson River and he always said no Hick

Would ever sting him. One evening in a Musical Comedy,

He fell desperately in love with a Dizzy Blond in the First Row

And one week Afterward They marched up the Aisle and

The next thing he knew She had quit her Job

And had sent for her Father and her

Mother To live with them.

He had to go to work.

She was from

Arizona.



# Pretty Frenchies Soon to Sail Here



*Sikanova (upper left), Mme. Flourey (upper right), and Loulou Campanana, stars of the French capital, who will be seen in New York next season*



*Photos by •Edicard Aronie*



# Calendar for July

Fri. 1—Atlantic City boardwalk chair-pushers on strike, 1920, and several pet pomeranians compelled to walk.

Sat. 2—Small boys make first raids on their Fourth of July ammunitions.

Sun. 3—Orators spend the day in trying out speeches on their wives.

Mon. 4—Orators spend day in trying out their speeches on everybody else; everybody else finds speeches very trying.

Tue. 5—Woods' latest lingerie farce fails to draw because actors look so much cooler than audience, 1921.

Wed. 6—Shuberts thought up a new revival to revive, and send out calls for members of the original cast, 1919.

Thu. 7—Cohan jumps into cast of one of his own productions—1919, 1920, 1921, and annually thereafter.

Fri. 8—D. W. Griffith had his first picture taken not wearing pepper-and-salt gray suit, 1930.

Sat. 9—Holbrook Blinn's run in "The Bad Man" cut short owing to scarcity of blank cartridges, 1922.

Sun. 10—Stranger on Broadway tried to buy a drink and was arrested by six policemen, 1921.

Mon. 11—Belasco turned up the lights in his theater so you could tell where the aisles were, 1922.

Tue. 12—Actors out of work overheard boosting their agents, and sent to Bellevue for observation, 1941.

Wed. 13—Actress who announced she was going to Europe cancelled when she got a stock offer in Syracuse, 1918.

Thu. 14—Charlie Chaplin denied his engagement to a girl in the movies, and the publicity earned her a raise, 1921.

Fri. 15—Winter Garden show girl discharged because she insisted on walking across the stage instead of gliding, 1919.

Sat. 16—People now living can recall the time when Arnold Daly didn't dislike Bernard Shaw.

Sun. 17—A New York cast went on the road intact, 1944, and caused quite a sensation.

Mon. 18—Walter Hampden did a Shakespeare combination—Shylock gestures, Macbeth hallucinations, and Hamlet soliloquies.

Tue. 19—First little theater in Greenwich Village opened, 1910, and drew a capacity audience of ten poets.

Wed. 20—Usher in a Broadway theater served water during intermissions as if she really enjoyed doing it, 1933.

Thu. 21—Husbands of two Drama League members slipped off to a burlesque show and led the applause, 1920.

Fri. 22—Ziegfeld gave out interview on how he picks beautiful girls, 1921.

Sat. 23—Author of a new play refused to make a curtain speech, 1920, and that gave it a good chance.

Sun. 24—New musical revue had more girls in the chorus than in the advertisements, 1997.

Mon. 25—Vegetables made their first appearance on the stage, 1844, in an over-ripened condition.

Tue. 26—Picture producers came out strongly in favor of censorship—for reformers, 1921.

Wed. 27—Bad business slump on Broadway, 1931. Three days go by without a new electric sign being put up.

Thu. 28—New York theater installed separate box-offices for men and women, 1927, and all the men were in their seats when the curtain went up.

Fri. 29—Weber and Fields named to appear together again, 1921, but don't.

Sat. 30—Man sentenced to ten years at hard labor for carrying concealed flask which had once contained whisky, 1924.

Sun. 31—Various reports, 1921, as usual, that Madison Square Garden will become (1) an office building, (2) a park, (3) a cemetery, (4) a ten-cent store.



# For the Fashionable Woman

By BETTY GRANT

**T**RAINS, girls, are really coming in again on afternoon gowns. They are long and narrow and are generally a continuation of the girdle and can be thrown over the arm while dancing.

The cape-back is popular for frocks or coats. If you have a frock or a coat you didn't wear much last season, have a cape back added and you are right up to date. The capes are generally edged with a fringe of the same material.

The "Blazer" sport sweater will be  
(Continued on page 20)



Black and white canton crêpe chemise frock embroidered in black. The embroidery being outlined with white beads



Very Frenchy is this little hat of Milan straw with triple brim of faille taffeta. A double feather fancy graces the right side



Street frock of sand-colored tricotine, trimmed with half circles of pleated taffeta a shade darker. A black suede belt adds the finishing touch





*Evening wrap of marine blue taffeta. The body is made of three large ruffles. The plain shoulder piece is heavily embroidered with white lotus flowers*

(Continued from page 19)  
worn at the most fashionable resorts. It is made with a tuxedo front instead of being a slip-on. The more daring the combination of colors the more fashionable.

There are so many beautiful colors to select from this summer—citron, yellow, flamingo, lilac, tangerine, cherry red,

jade, Pall Mall red, and, it seems, a thousand others, that to wear an unbecoming color seems a crime. The new shades in organdies are very dainty and refreshing.

Speaking of Pall Mall red, a Fifth Avenue store had a window of crêpe silk lingerie of that color embroidered with black. It was very effective. In sharp contrast was another window of checked georgette lingerie, lilac and white, trimmed with very narrow lilac ribbon. It is the daintiest lingerie I have seen, and would be very pretty under light dresses.

Organdie hats to match organdie dresses are popular. One store is showing white organdie hats embroidered in silk to match the gown. I think they are much prettier and so inexpensive you can afford to have a hat to match each dress, especially if you are at all clever with the needle.

Parisian beaded belts are new and add a pleasing touch to new frocks and dress up last year's.

Ostrich trimming is being used on sunshades. It can be bought by the yard and used in a number of effective designs.

Another effective parasol is made of flowered muslin. A small sewing or knitting bag to match adds much to a simple chemise frock of linen.

Many women are at a loss to know what to do with remnants left from sport skirts they have had made. Don't consign these pieces to the rag bag, but have them made up into a hand bag. The stores are showing small, dull silver mountings, which can be used with your remnants to make a stunning little bag to match your sport skirts.

Lucile is showing an adorable dress of mauve taffeta combined with white organdie and lace. The taffeta forms a slip, the organdie is made tuxedo style over it, and is finished with a wide sash of the taffeta.

A blue chiffon and silver lace evening gown is very youthful and summery. It is made over white taffeta and favors the season's uneven hem-line.



# Features at the Fakirs' Ball



*Dainty Marie Dirdo, toast of the studios*



*Mrs. W. F. Quinn's costume attracted much attention*



*"Old Doc Blue Laws"—a real fakir!*



*Joyce Roberts was a prize fakir*

*Photos by  
Bradley Studios*



## Mercantile Music

*(Several firms are trying the effects of a gramophone or piano-player upon their work people to ease the daily grind.—News Note.)*

**I** INTO a pickle factory I dropped—  
 (Such a paradox one very rarely hears!)—  
 While they were onions peeling,  
 The music box was spieling  
 A plaintive symphony, "Oh, Dry Those Tears!"

A dressmaker's I entered cautiously,  
 For I am very bashful, you must know;  
 'Twas one of those swell houses,  
 Where they fashion modish blouses,  
 And the instrument was playing "Sweet and Low!"

I went into a factory of soap,  
 Where not a soul their task would ever shirk,  
 For they hadn't any troubles,  
 As they played the record, "Bubbles";  
 You couldn't make them strike—they loved their work!

I came across a watchman in the night—  
 The gramophone was playing dreamily—  
 The dawn would soon be breaking,  
 But he forty winks was taking—  
 "Sleep On, Beloved!" was the melody.

A Telephone Exchange next came my way;  
 I wondered what the music here would be,  
 Although in this connection  
 There could be but one selection;  
 It was, of course, "I Hear You Calling Me!"

At last to see an editor I went,  
 Whose language wasn't really quite the thing,  
 For he uttered sundry curses,  
 As he sent back heaps of verses,  
 As the pianola ground out songs of spring!

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

## Seaside Definitions

**HAMMOCK**—A theatre of action, with very uncertain seating capacity; a torture for one, but a temptation for two; a couch that cannot be trusted; the place where one is supposed to do one's summer reading—but who does?

**MOSQUITO NETTING**—A lapsed insurance policy against mosquitoes; the summer boarder's bridal veil; New Jersey's state banner.

**PALMS**—A screen for ballroom hand-holders; depositories for loose change; the chief end of man—if he happens to be a porter.

**SAND**—Nature's floor covering for beaches, which has generally been completely removed from the spot where you wade in.

**GUIDE** (sometimes spelled GUYED)  
 —An illustrated folder which produces acute vacation fever by means of "actual photographs" of strings of fish. If you "bite," you are the fish they're trying to string.

**PICNIC**—The act of holding a thermos bottle in one hand and brushing off a caterpillar with the other.



### REAL HAIR NETS

Selected perfect, blonde to black (15c grade) while they last, \$1.00 per dozen. Sample post-paid 10c. State shade desired.

WALTER HAIR GOODS CO.  
 DEPT. T

729 Sixth Ave., New York, N. Y.



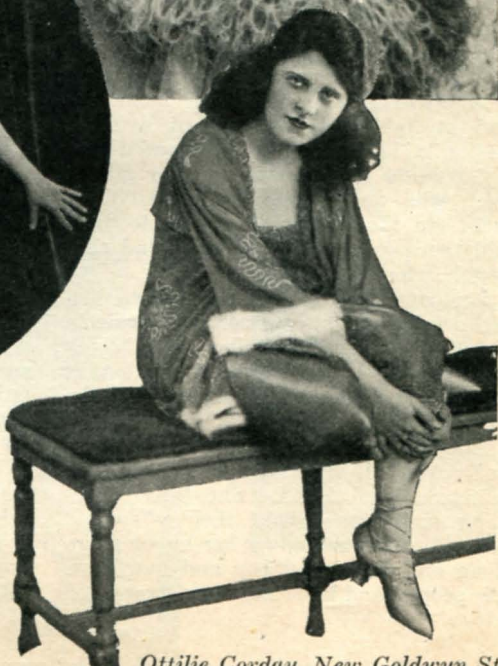
# Favorites of the Flicker Fans

*Lucy Fox in  
Pathe Pictures*

*Edward  
Thayer  
Monroe*



*Edna  
Wheaton,  
chosen from 6000  
applicants as the  
most beautiful to  
play the role of  
"Beauty" in  
"Experience"*



*Ottilie Corday, New Goldwyn Star*



# Collaborating with Bill Shakespeare

“OUT, deuced spot!”  
“If not, why  
not?”

By Roy A. Giles

All but the second word of the first line of the above rhyme is by William Shakespeare, bard.

The second word of the first line and all but the punctuation in the second line is by me. It was not of my own accord that I came to collaborate with the immortal William. The editor insisted on it. He said Bill Shakespeare wasn't fit to eat. I always regarded Bill Shakespeare as a pretty fair all around writer and I told the editor so.

“All right,” he said to me, “go ahead and prove it.”

In my modesty I protested, but he insisted, and so I began to polish up the old ouija board.

Take that play of Bill's that he has named “Macbeth!” It is what might be called a fair play. It has been played about as often and in as many places and under almost as harrowing conditions as East Lynne, still I maintain that it is a reasonably good play.

However, there is a chance that Bill when he wrote the play ought to have quit his gosh-hanged swearing. I am willing to give it to Bill for being on the square, even in the matter of cuss words, but in order to put Bill right with the Methodists I decided to go over “Macbeth” with the scissors and paste pot and straighten the thing out a little, adding a little comedy here and there, and writing in a chorus of sixty girls I knew who were out of work. All these girls are there when it comes to jazz, and there is no doubt in my mind that jazz is what Bill lacked.

Remember, what Bill has Lady Macbeth saying after she loses her noodle in Scene 1 of Act 5? She doesn't say deuced spot, but we have fixed it that way for the sake of Al Woods and the Presbyterians.

Bill gets off awful bad once, when Lady Macbeth is talking to her old man in Scene 4 of Act I. She talks something scandalous about their offspring. Lady Macbeth is kidding her hubby to go along and be a good boy and murder a few people, and he is not very strong for

the job. Now this scene and the line of talk is hardly fit for Baptist

home consumption. If the W. C. T. U. had been organized at the time of the Macbeth family, folks would have been more used to ladies who talked like Lady Macbeth, but now generally it is not being done. On the other hand, if the Macbeth family had lived in this age, they would probably all have been complained against by the neighbors and the black wagon would have backed up, with a lot of noise and ten plain clothes men and everyone would have got their names in the papers.

There is another place where Old Man Macbeth kind of forgets himself. He is ribbing up a fight with his neighbor Macduff, just before he exeunts in Scene 7, Act V. Here is the way the lines should read:

“I throw my warlike shield: Lay on, Macduff. And pish tush to him who first cries ‘Hold, enough!’”

The first time I ever read Macbeth I was kind of skipping around, and I ran onto that “hold enough” by accident. I then thought they were playing pinochle and excused the language as justifiable.

The rest of the show is not so poor as it might be, excepting to a few lines where Bill refers to a place which is not yet charted and is supposed to be rather torrid in climate.

I would suggest a few interpolations. They ought to hire a good buck and wing team to lift the terrible weight of gloom in the last act, and a couple of production numbers with lingering kind of melodies would help certain sad parts. Lines would be written in for an eccentric comedian, a sister team, a mind reading act, and a few trained seals; one scene should be laid in Atlantic City and overrun with bathing girls, and a bally hoo. Otherwise I believe Bill writes pretty good books. What he needs is to team up with a lyricist and a melodian.

Via the ouija board, Bill said: “If you are ever in doubt of my stuff, just ask Lillian Russell. She was there when I wrote it. Tell all my friends I am happy. My rent hasn't been raised for 600 years.”

*It is said that reading maketh a broad man, but eating maketh a broader one.*



# Seen On the Silver Sheet

Catherine  
McGuire in  
"Heart  
Bound"



One of the features  
of "The Affaire of  
Anatol"

Corinne Griffiths in "What's Your Reputation Worth?"



## Camera Cliques

ONE of the most discouraging things about summer is that it's the season of the year when all the people who have cameras get in their deadliest work.

During the rest of the year, rain and the necessity of earning an honest living keep them fairly inactive, but as soon as the vacation period begins they are out in force.

You can't tell what a camera is going to do to you, but you can always tell what the person who has a camera is going to do—and that is: get you in the end. You may put off the operation a little while, but these shutter fiends are not to be dodged for long.

Their tactics are very simple. Their usual method of procedure is to torture you for five or ten minutes, getting your consent and then getting you into the proper location. Then, when the effects of the torture are most apparent, he suddenly snaps the shutter.

Camera manipulators are a part of every picnic, outing, excursion and week-end party. Just when the party has reached its liveliest, the black boxes suddenly appear.

The camera owner hunts around until he finds a spot where the sun is brightest, and then he steers the various victims in line, making certain that the sun will shine directly in the eyes of everybody concerned.

After a careful scrutiny of the group, he starts in to make suggestions to improve the ensemble.

One person is told to smile.

Another is told to take off his hat.

Another is requested to take off his glasses.

Some one is asked to move toward the right.

Some one else is asked to put his arm around so-and-so.

Another is told to close his mouth.

Another to open his eyes.

At last the stage director, having exhausted his resources and the patience of the group, presses the bulb and completes the operation.

A week later he sends you a print of the damages. Everybody within range of the camera looks positively inhuman, but there is one that looks worse than the rest. That's you!

## OUR OWN HEALTH HINTS

A. D. T.: If, as you say, after carrying a grand piano single-handed up three flights of stairs, your breath comes in short pants instead of long pants, as they should come to a man in the prime of life, there is doubtless something the matter with you. You should cultivate a greater fondness for music.

MRS. S. O. S.: Give the baby a silver dollar to cut its teeth on. That's about all you can use a dollar for now.

A. W. O. L.: You ask if there is any remedy for squeaky knees. Yes, there

is hope for you. The way to keep your knees from squeaking is to sit in a Morris chair, perfectly still, and keep your feet on the parlor table.

OLD-TIMER: Don't worry because your eyesight has failed so that you can't see beyond the first row in the chorus. They always put the best-looking ones in front. You're not missing much.

LOTTIE: You say you suffer from hot flashes and ask if there is any cure. The best cure we know of is to move into a New York apartment.

*A hammock is more romantic, but a park bench gets there just the same!*

*Two's company; three's a triangle.*

*Henry Ford says the cow will become as obsolete as the horse. But how about the bull, Henry?*

*In days gone by people used to dine and wine, and nowadays they dine and whine.*

*Don't buy your friends unless you can afford to get stuck.*



# Speaking of a Cat and Dog Life



*Harriet Gimbel trying  
to make a Tipperary  
pup out of a respect-  
able dog*



*Bebe Daniels and her  
prize angora*



*Shirley Mason and "Toots"*



## How to Be Healthy

A MAN was struck by lightning while fishing with a steel rod  
Therefore never fish during a thunderstorm. Never fish with a steel rod.  
Never fish!

\* \* \*

Horace Fletcher said a man would live to be a hundred if he chewed his food until it disappeared. But Horace Fletcher did not live to be a hundred.

Therefore never chew your food until it disappears. Never chew your food until it even threatens to disappear. Never chew your food. Never eat!

\* \* \*

A woman lost her life trying to board a moving car while wearing a tight skirt. Therefore never try to board a moving car wearing a tight skirt. Never wear a tight skirt. Never wear a skirt!

\* \* \*

A scientist declares that oversleeping shortens one's period of life by dulling the nervous system.

Therefore never dull the nervous system. Never oversleep. Never sleep!

\* \* \*

Drinking has shortened the life of the human race, according to the Anti-Saloon League.

Never shorten the life of the human race. Never doubt the Anti-Saloon League. Never drink!

\* \* \*

Americans are overtaxing their minds, says a nerve specialist.

Therefore put a tax on your mind. Never let on that you have a mind, or the government may put a luxury tax on it. Never use your mind. Never think!

=====

## What Is a Wife Worth?

A GREENWICH VIL-  
LAGE poet has re-  
cently offered a reward of  
\$5 for the return of his wife.

*By De Vaux Thompson*

That bird, being a poet, and not knowing much about money, probably underestimates the lady.

But if, perchance, he is right, the courts in this country have been making a series of great mistakes. Just the other day one man sued another for alienation of affections and the jury placed the value of the first man's wife at \$25,000.

Another deserted husband tried the same shot and he got 6 cents. Probably he believed his wife was worth at least \$5 to him; and he wasn't a poet, either. But he can't get another for 6 cents. It costs two bucks for a marriage license.

Even the state believes a wife is worth \$2, for it has recently raised the price of licenses to that figure from \$1.

Wives are a commodity which cannot be quoted on the stock exchange or in the trade papers. It is impossible to bunch them like railroad stocks or wheat, for they refuse to stay bunched.

One blonde sued for  
\$150,000 for breach of  
promise. She figured that

is what she would have been worth as a wife. Perhaps she would. Who knows?

If the poet puts over his claim that his wife is worth a total of \$5 to him, he may put a terrible crimp in the alimony schedule as observed in these parts in the past. The courts have decided very often that a wife is worth that much a week, and some men, we believe, are paying even more.

The old-fashioned bird who used to say his wife was worth her weight in gold or her weight in platinum has gone out of style.

Has he? Take this problem home and try it on your own wife.

We will omit flowers.

**48th Street Theatre** East of B'way  
Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

**THE OUTSTANDING HIT  
OF THE SEASON**

**The BROKEN WING**

**SEE THE CRASHING AEROPLANE**



# Dialogues in a Hotel Barber-Shop

AT 10.30 A. M.

The Customer: What do you say to a little dinner tonight?

The Manicurist: Nothing doing.

The Customer: Aw—why not?

The Manicurist: Oh—because.

The Customer: Aw—come on! Be a good sport! I just put over a big deal and I want some one to help me celebrate. I know a nice, quiet little place where they still serve it. No harm in a little dinner, is there? Aw—come on! Suppose I drop around for you about a quarter to six, eh?

The Manicurist (sweetly): "Aw-right, dearie!"

AT 11.30 A. M.

The Customer: What do you say to a little dinner tonight?

The Manicurist: Nothing doing.

The Customer: Aw—why not?

The Manicurist: Oh—because.

The Customer: Aw—come on! Be a good sport! I just got a fat check from the old man, and I want some one to help me celebrate. I know a nice, quiet place where they still serve it. No harm in a little dinner, is there? Aw—come on! Suppose I drop around for you about six, eh?

The Manicurist (sweetly): "Aw-right, dearie!"

AT 2.30 P. M.

The Customer: What do you say to a little dinner tonight?

The Manicurist: Nothing doing.

The Customer: Aw—why not?

The Manicurist: Oh—because.

The Customer: Aw—come on! Be a good sport! I cleaned up on the ponies yesterday, and I want some one to help me spend it. I know a nice, quiet place where they still serve it. No harm in a little dinner, is there? Aw—come on! Suppose I drop around about a quarter after six, eh?

The Manicurist (sweetly): "Aw-right, dearie!"

AT 4.30 P. M.

The Customer: What do you say to a little dinner tonight?

The Manicurist: Nothing doing.

The Customer: Aw—why not?

The Manicurist: Oh—because.

The Customer: Aw—come on! Be a good sport! I'm a lonesome guy with a wad of bills, and I want some one to help me get rid of them. I know a nice, quiet place where they still serve it. No harm in a little dinner, is there? Aw—come on! Suppose I drop around for you about six-thirty, eh?

The Manicurist (sweetly): "Aw-right, dearie!"

The first came with nothing on his hip, and she turned him down with a smile.

The second came with nothing on his hip, and she let him down easy.

The third came with nothing on his hip, and she turned him down cold.

But the fourth came with a good-sized flask, and so she trotted right along.

"Because," she said, "they all say they can still get it. It's only the fellow who already has it who's a gentleman."

=====

*The bird who tries to buy regular liquor on Broadway now has about as much of a chance as Henry Ford would have running for mayor of Jerusalem.*



## Your Favorite Flower

THE idea of proclaiming your ideas or advertising your sentiments by means of a flower in the buttonhole is capable of all kinds of development. Every one appreciates it—especially the florists. Thus:

- If you are in favor of daylight saving, wear a morning glory.
- If you are opposed to daylight saving, wear a four-o'clock.
- If you think Germany should now be treated kindly, wear Dutchman's breeches.
- If you think she ought to be punished some more, wear fleur-de-lis.
- If you are in favor of matrimony, wear orange blossoms.
- If you are opposed to matrimony, wear bachelor's-buttons.
- If you believe in modesty, wear violets.
- If you are in favor of kissing, wear tulips.
- If you are opposed to kissing, wear snapdragons.
- If you are a pawnbroker, wear hollyhock.
- If you are a detective, wear trailing arbutus.
- If you don't care for expense, wear orchids.

## Kipling Was Right

WHEN Kipling observed that "the female of the species is more deadly than the male," or words to that effect, he knew what he spoke.

A man meeting an acquaintance wearing a new hat generally opens the conversation with: "For the love of Mike where did you get that lid?"

A woman meeting a feminine acquaintance under the same circumstances merely coos: "Oh, my dear, what a charming hat you're wearing—positively fascinating. And so becoming!!! I never saw anything so beautiful!!!"—and so on for ten minutes without repeating herself.

Such a thing as casual kidding and uncomplimentary conversation in general is unknown among the ladies. They won't stand for it.

A man coming from the barber shop expects some such greeting as: "What

have you been having—a hair-cut or a harvest? Looks to me as if they'd run a lawn-mower over you."

A woman fresh from her favorite beauty parlor gets mad if all her friends don't rave about her perfect marcel.

Did you ever see a man offended because some one declined to smoke his brand of cigars or cigarettes?

To be told, "No, I don't care for that rope," or, "Nothing doing; I'll smoke my own," doesn't ruffle a man's temper.

But imagine a woman doing likewise with a box of bonbons.

Wouldn't the sparks fly if the one to whom they were offered were to turn up her nose and sniff: "Oh, my dear, I simply can't stand that candy you buy. How can you endure it?" Or this, "You still eating that cheap stuff? Not for me, thanks; I'll eat my own."

It's simply not being done.

## THE ETERNAL FEMININE

THE fact that 40,000 germs change hands, so to speak, every time two people kiss, means nothing to the normal-minded girl. Her attitude is what difference does it make, as long as they don't show?

Champagne baths are a thing of the past, but we have yet to hear of an actress who has taken up home-brew bathing.

When a cook advertises for a position in the home of a widower, she has concealed nothing.

## A NEIGHBORHOOD TALE

THE Sage met the Fool at the Club one evening and they engaged in conversation.

"You ought to be more careful," the Sage advised the Fool. "Last night I walked past your house and you had forgotten to pull down the shades. I beheld you loving your wife something scandalous."

The Fool laughed heartily.

"My dear man, the joke is on you," he protested to the Sage. "I wasn't at home last night!"



## Verses by Our Pet Vamp

**T**IMES ain't like what they used  
to be,  
When the bank rolls were unfurled  
And the parties gay in the wet cafe,  
I'll tell the bloomin' world.

It takes a lot of sand to be a soldier  
And to bring the doughty foemen into  
camp.

But when a maiden fair starts to cop a  
millionnaire—

Well, it takes a lot of nerve to be a  
vamp.

There are guys who make you weary,  
There are guys who make you blue,  
But there's none so tiresome and dreary  
As the one who's gone broke for you.

He sent her orchids every day—  
The noodle.

He went each night to see her play—  
The bonehead.

But when he whispered to her that  
His dough was gone, as quick as scat  
She said: "Why hurry? Here's your  
hat."

The poor fish.

Now Eve wore scant clothing in  
The good old days of Adam.

A belt of fig leaves was no sin,  
And Eve was glad she had 'em  
And as I hit the Broadway track  
And glance around, alas, alack,  
It looks like we are getting back  
To the good old days of Adam.

*Laugh and Keep Cool!*

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## THE CHAIN IDEA

THE chain idea has knocked all the individuality out of the modern world. Everything is done on a pattern, and life is a series of chain stores, chain shops, and chain restaurants.

One cigar store is just like another—part of an endless chain. Also part of an endless rope.

Everything is the same—down to the position of the cigar-lighter and the way the cigar clerk parts his hair.

For luncheon you go into a chain restaurant and pick up a bill-of-fare that looks just like yesterday's bill-of-fare—even down to the fly-specks.

You order a chain steak, and it's just like the one you had yesterday—in size, color, and toughness. Remembering the old saw about a chain being no stronger than its weakest link, you do some old sawing on the steak trying to find its weakest link—but apparently the cook forgot to put it in.

You buy chain candy in a chain candy store. You overeat and rush around to a chain drug store to get a chain indigestion tablet.

Before long we'll all be going to chain dentists and chain doctors.

It's enough to drive a man to drink—but, alas! the chain saloon is gone forever.

Even when you manage to get a drink on the sly, you run the risk of being arrested and sentenced to work in a "chain" gang.

## THE WISHING LAMP

WHILE fussing around in the attic a Fellow Citizen found an old lamp, a curious brass affair.

He picked it up and began rubbing the green spots from its body.

Suddenly a genii appeared before him.

Startled, the Fellow Citizen arose to his feet, but the genii reassured him.

"I come," said the elf, "at your command. You rubbed the lamp—for that you may have just one wish."

"One wish?"

The Fellow Citizen was puzzled.

"Yes. Any person who rubs that lamp shall have his dearest wish fulfilled—just one during all his lifetime. Ponder. What do you desire more than anything else? Tell me and you will get your wish."

Instantly the man said: "I wish I knew where I could get a drink."

There was a commotion, a whirr of wings, it seemed to the Fellow Citizen, and he rubbed his eyes. But the genii was gone.

\* \* \*

His wife found him slumbering there in the attic long after the children had been put to bed. He had an awful jag.

The wife of the Fellow Citizen saw an object gleaming in the hands of her soused husband.

She picked it up—and found it empty. Then she knew.

*It was an alcohol lamp that hadn't been emptied for nine years!*

---

A good many eminent statesmen are trying to save the country. If they would let it alone it might save itself.

---

When a man is arrested for intoxication and refuses to tell where he got it, he is no friend to the court or the crowd.

---

If limousines could talk there would be a lot of scandal floating around this country.

---

The best way to find out whether it is better to marry a blonde or a brunette is to ask some man whose wife has been both.

---

Nobody can look more innocent than the man who hasn't paid his carfare and doesn't intend to.

---

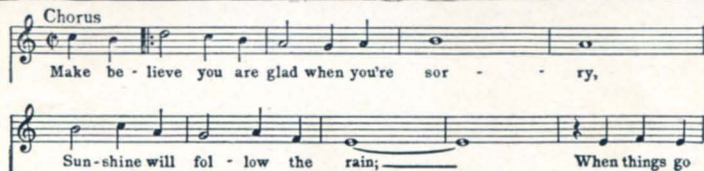
What good does it do us for the fashion editors to tell us the two-piece skirt is coming in, without mentioning how large the pieces are going to be?



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THE MELODY OF

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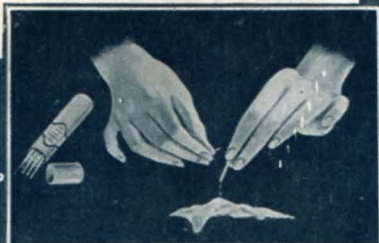
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